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"When I finish High School - I'm going to College and study to be an engineer"

HOW OFTEN you hear a boy or a girl say what they are planning to do when they finish High School. Whatever they decide to do, though, usually takes money.

Assure your future education now by starting a Savings Account. Just \$1.00 will open the account and a little saved each week will, with the interest the Bank adds, amount to a sizable balance when you need it.

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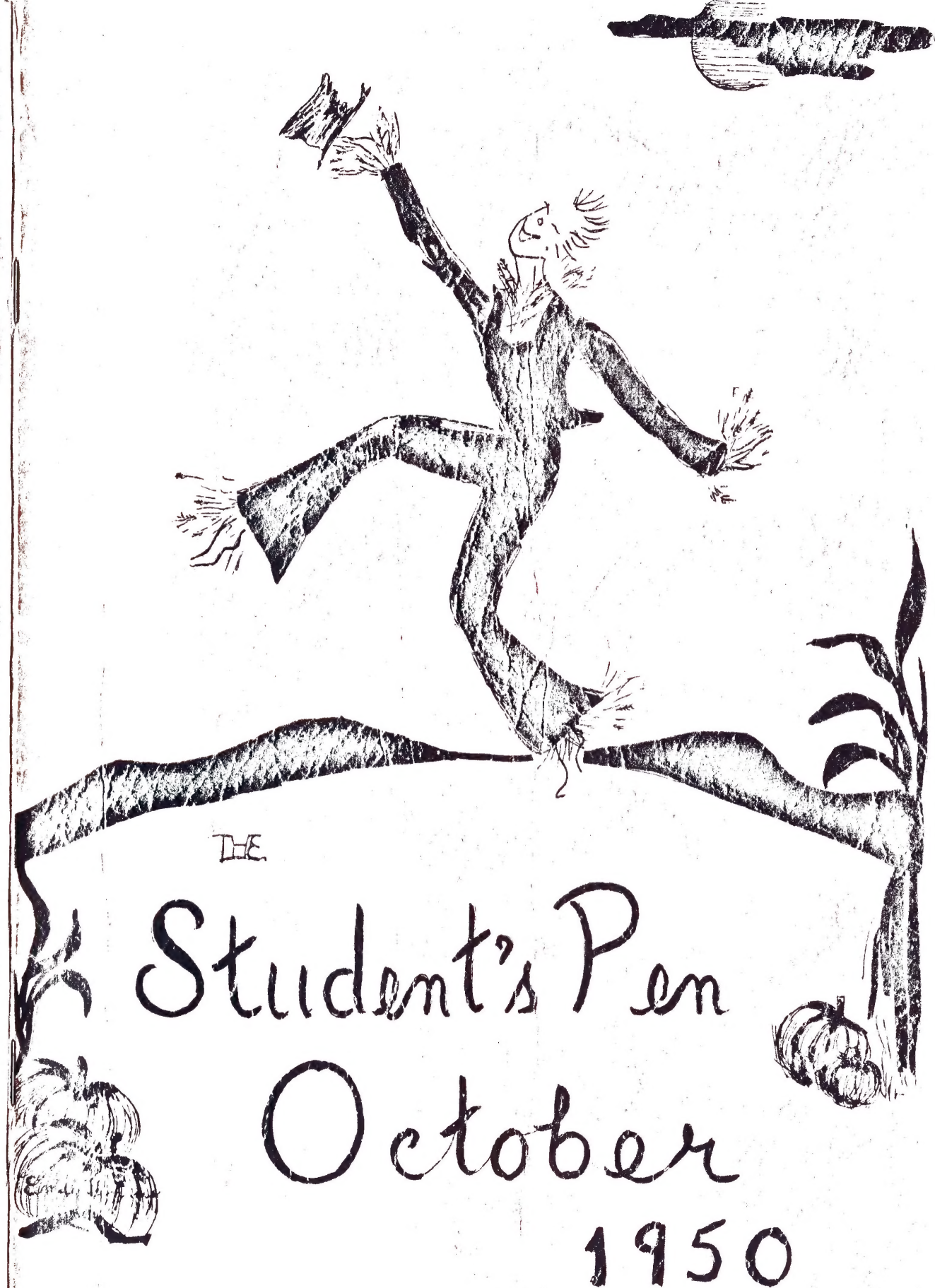
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



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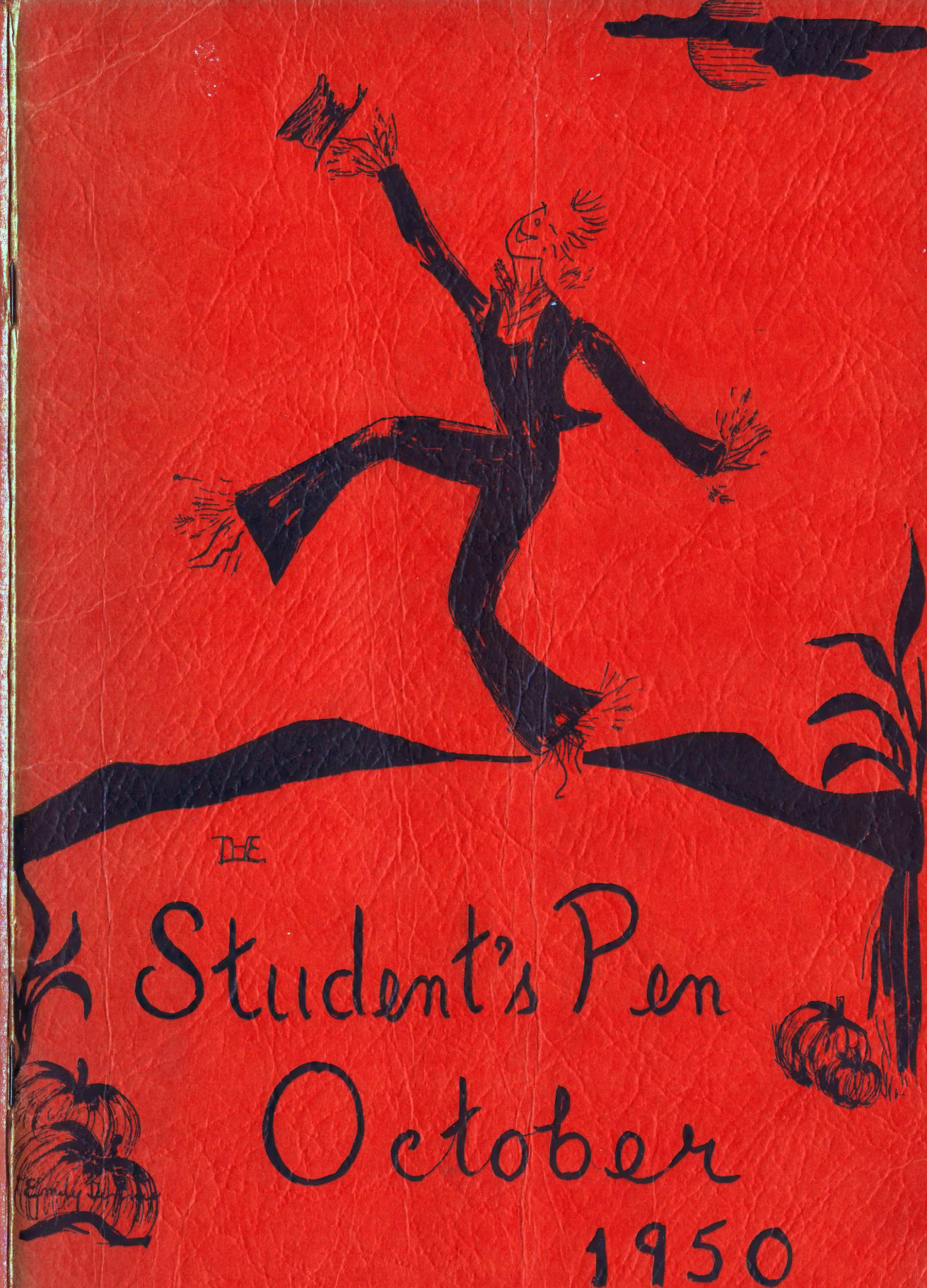
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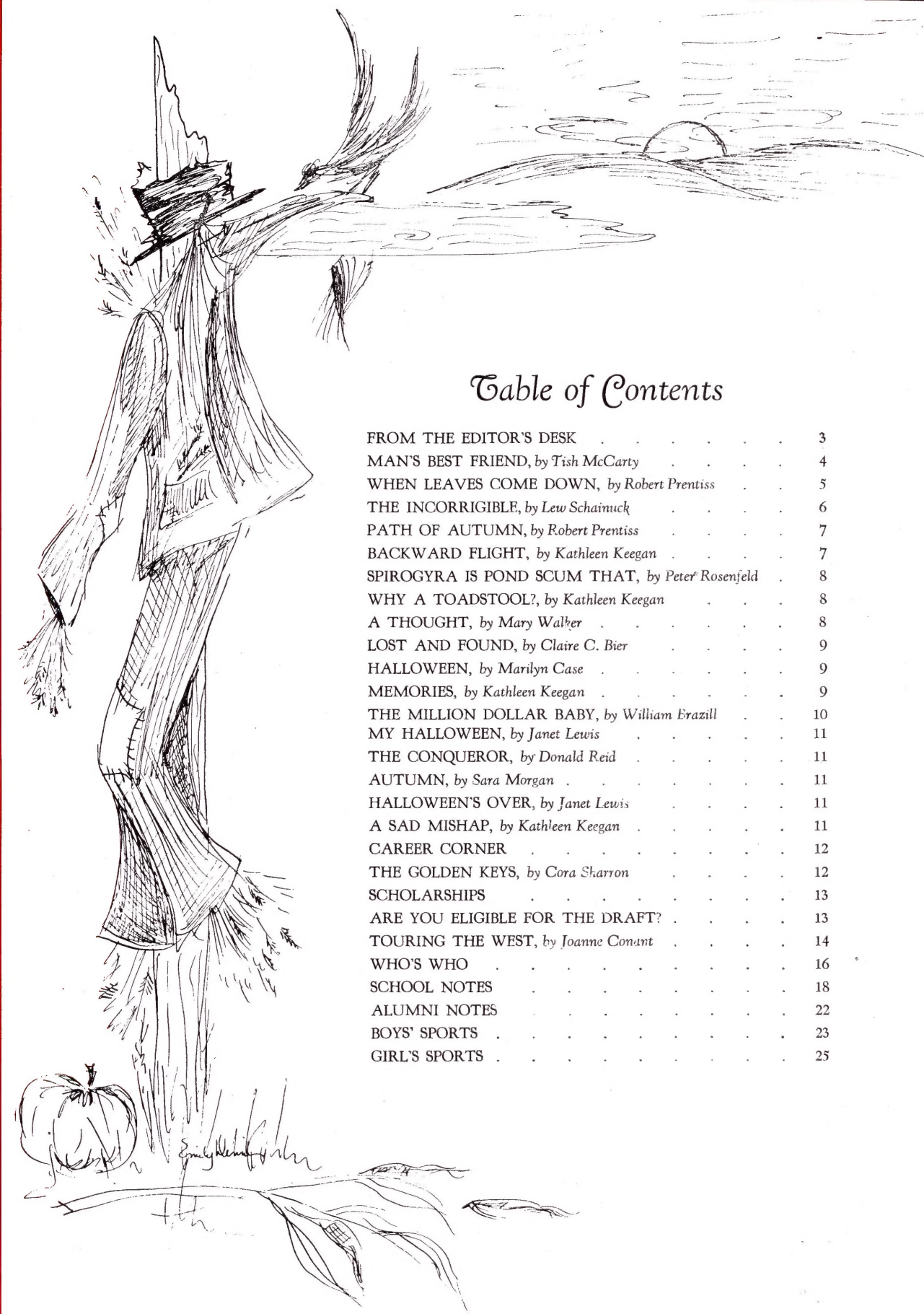


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

The Question of Religious Education In the Public Schools

By Nancy Quirk, '52

THE Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth recently held a special discussion on the question: "Is Pittsfield meeting the religious needs of its children?" The Conference, led by the clergymen of many faiths meeting with civic leaders, was widely publicized and aroused much local interest. Since we, as students, are most directly concerned, it would appear that we should give the question some earnest thought.

The present law, as interpreted and upheld by the Supreme Court, forbids any religious teaching in the public schools. Many of our citizens feel that a change in this would have an ill effect on some students. But while all this talk circulates around us, we, the students, have not been too concerned.

Were it not illegal it would be extremely interesting to conduct a poll of present day students in an endeavor to learn how much interest there is in this question. Do we feel competent to participate without embarrassment or bias? Could we, despite our own particular religious training, discuss freely

and intelligently the points that might arise in class?

Certainly the whole subject of religion, perhaps because of the troubled times in which we live, takes on an ever increasing importance. It is evinced in the influence exerted by the chaplains of all faiths in our armed forces, in the trends of current literature, and in the large attendance at religious services.

It seems difficult to believe that a whole generation faces growing up without some rather concentrated religious training which would be in keeping with the particular faith of the individual.

For the time being, however, under the present legislation, our feelings and opinions on the subject of religious teaching in the public schools must necessarily be private. But it would be part of wisdom for all to give some consideration to what is one of our most potent domestic enemies—religious intolerance. Should the day come when our opinions are to be considered, we can express them with prudence and intelligence.

Man's Best Friend

By Tish McCarty, '52



OH, isn't it precious," I squealed when I saw him look longingly from inside the cage. The little brown and white Airedale puppy had detached itself from the others.

"Only twenty-five dollars for him," the dealer replied to Daddy's questioning look. "Nice playmate for the kids, he is. Lively little fellow, isn't he?"

"O. K.," nodded Daddy.

It is now six weeks later. The actual head of the house has been occupying the whole living room couch for three hours and sixteen minutes. Cute, little Cal—I had named him Cal (short for Calamity). Desiring a seat near the only reading light in the room, I considered how to get him off the sofa.

I could yell "Dinner," but that wouldn't be very sporting since it was nearly an hour before dinner time. I could mention his afternoon walk. No, I'd be in disgrace for weeks if I ever mentioned it and then backed down. I decided to use the coaxing method.

"Sweet, lil' Cal, come see me." He opened one eye and uttered a you-know-darn-well-I'm-neither-sweet-nor-little growl and snuggled down again.

"Why don't you go see your girl, Bee Heindabush?" I murmured sweetly. Immediately he jumped up and left the room with a yelp. My glee was short lived, however, for just as I had settled down with my book, back he bounded with his leash trailing.

Crash! went the vase on the coffee table. I grabbed the leash that was about to slap me in the face just as he pulled.

"Well, I wasn't planning to stay on the couch long, anyhow. My goodness, the vase couldn't have broken in smaller pieces, I'm sure!" I sighed, crawling about on my hands and knees trying to gather up the scattered remains. Just then I looked up. Cal was tugging at my red corduroy jacket.

Thud! How had the coffee table moved over here. "Ou, my head!" I groaned just as brother William walked in.

"Are you experiencing your first morning after?" he smirked. "That vase doesn't look very artistic arranged that way."

"Save my coat!" I cried, disregarding his remarks.

"What coat?"

"Rrrriip."

"Oh, eh, that one?"

"No, the other!" I cried sarcastically. "Get that uncoordinated louse out of my sight!"

"Who, Cal? Now is that a very nice way to speak about my little precious?" he murmured, scratching Cal's neck and looking into his innocent, pleading eyes. "Come with me. I have a little present for you in the kitchen and then we'll go for a walk."

As I picked myself and the scattered fragments of the vase up, I glanced out the window. Cal had passed the tree in front of John's house where every other afternoon he had to make a lengthy pause. Bill and Cal, buddies forever, were chewing merrily on the tarts we were to have had for supper.

When Leaves Come Tumbling Down

By Robert Prentiss



THE coming of fall has been observed by many, too many, with loud groans, for they still recall the splitting backaches of yesteryear. They, unlike the nature lovers who have welcomed fall with open arms, have closed their shutters. In the morning when the artist looks out of his window, his keen eye detects the work of a greater Painter than he; but the ones who have closed their shutters cannot relish the idea that the lawns are strewn with crisp, dead leaves whose presence on the damp ground spells out "work".

The early morning adventurers who consider leaves a plague, slowly pick up rakes, and without too much enthusiasm rake the leaves into large piles.

Now, the question arises as to how to get rid of those pesky leaves. One is cautioned against wasting too much time thinking of a solution, for unfortunately before the decision to burn them is reached, a fine three-day drizzle usually starts. After several days the first layer of leaves seems to be thawed out, but beware, that is but a trap to snare the careless. The leaves underneath are still wet, and when set afire, give such a dense smoke

that some neighbor usually complains of its blackening the white laundry on her line.

The cowardly, who like to shirk the hard drudgery of finding a solution, usually resort to sneaking the leaves onto their neighbor's lawn at night. The chances of not succeeding are overwhelming. A trail of leaves can easily be discerned where some tired individual on his nightly prowls has stumbled clumsily with his arms full.

A good method of protecting your lawn from such a trespasser would be to hire a few children for a penny each, to dress in sheets on Halloween night. When the intruder comes onto your lawn to dispose of his leaves under your maple, he will see strange shadows near him. At first, he will probably believe them to be the shadows of the maple. Upon examining more closely, he will be frightened out of his wits and run madly homeward, the gleeful ghosts fast closing in upon him.

While browsing through the library recently, I picked up the "Police Casebook of 1949." Out of curiosity, I glanced through it and came upon the case of one John Doe, a mild, meek man, who, coming home from his office one afternoon, saw his front yard covered with leaves. Over his fence hung two branches of a maple belonging to one Bruno Hughs who lived next door. Mr. Doe had some years previously chopped down all his trees because of their shedding their leaves. So, for the first time in his life, rightly indignant, Mr. Doe marched over to Bruno's house, completely forgetting that Bruno was the ex-strong man of a circus and had the build of an ape. Mr. Doe impetuously knocked at his neighbor's door. When it was opened, Mr. Doe raged like a tempest. The next instant, Bruno picked Mr. Doe up by his collar and threw him over the fence. Such a case proves, indeed, that there are worse pests than fallen leaves.

The Incurrable

By Lew Schainuck

ORDINARILY one would not think that the life of a ten months' old dog would be very entertaining. But notice, I have used the word "ordinarily." Tippy is definitely not an ordinary dog. I do not think that in all the annals of dogdom there has been one quite like Tippy. No, not since one of those canine creatures first evolved from its wolverine ancestors has any dog equaled Tippy's feats.

The dictionary states that a dog is a "domesticated carnivore bred in a great many varieties." This is especially true of Tippy. I have never seen a dog bred in so many varieties. He has the head of a scottie, the body of a cocker spaniel, the tail of a setter, the paws of a wolfhound, and the ears of a wire-haired terrier. Completely oblivious of his background, however, he stands proud as a peacock, associating with only the finest of thoroughbreds.

My sister named him Tippy because he is all black except for four white spots on the tips of his paws. I can think of more appropriate names to call him, but they wouldn't be allowed in print.

He is blessed with an enormous appetite. When he was four weeks old, his hourly repast consisted of a bowl of pablum, one-half jar of baby food and a cup of milk. In the past nine months his diet has changed considerably. Now his royal highness's appetite is tempted by one can of dog food, a large pot of milk, and what is left from the family meal. He also indulges in such delicacies as bedspreads, carpets, clothespins and wash cloths. If he gets especially hungry, he will devour old razor blades, carpet tacks, and pieces of glass. His most favored dish, however, is shoes. You say this is not unusual? No, it isn't. Lots of dogs eat old shoes. But I didn't

say that Tippy eats old shoes. Hmph! Much beneath his dignity! He will touch nothing that has been purchased less than ten days ago. Only the very best for His Majesty!

Getting back to Tippy's baby days,—they were spent in solitude in the bathroom. Tippy did not approve of this and announced his sentiments quite loudly, much to the discomfort of our neighbors. It was once rumored that they were contemplating a petition demanding his immediate eviction. But this rumor was never confirmed.

Our visions of his becoming a great show dog and performing tricks that would thrill audiences all over the world are abruptly shattered when we see him indulging in such idiosyncrasies as spending hours at a time chasing his tail. Now a lot of dogs chase their tails. But I'd like to know how many of them catch it, step on it to make sure that it doesn't get away, bite it fiercely, and then emit a horrifying yelp of pain.

We have tried to train him to be a watchdog, but I guess Tippy will never be the guardian of our home. Suspicious looking characters are welcomed heartily. But should my father come within smelling range, well—the results are too horrible to be disclosed.

We have made numerous attempts to dispose of our dog, but they have been to no avail. So I guess we shall just have to grin and keep Tippy.

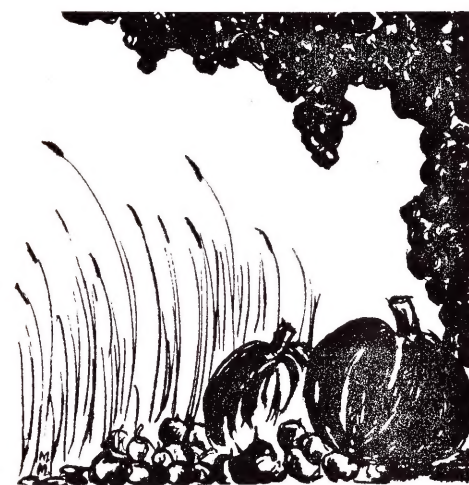
A THOUGHT

By Mary Walker, '53

It seems to me
There could be
A little less rain
On my window pane.

Path of Autumn

By Robert Prentiss



NOW that Autumn has struck and the days have become colder, Mother Nature has changed her robe of summer hues for a more elaborate one of gold, scarlet, and orange. This marvel she has been able to accomplish in only a few days, causing us to gaze with wonder and awe at high mountains, once blue-green, and now a haze of bright Autumn colors. She strides across the land in a kind of final blossom before a cruel, harsh winter shackles her with chains. She whispers through the valleys as a slight breeze shuffling the tinged leaves to a sere earth.

Autumn's arrival is marked by misty mornings. Heavy fog makes objects undistinguishable. Gradually the fog lightens and streaks of pale light peep out in the northeast. The light spreads, becoming yellow and then golden. White mists begin to roll up the hill-sides, and yellow treetops emerge to be glorified by the early sun. The day grows warmer. The white vapors vanish, and forests of leaf-gold and dusky brown can be seen. The Autumn sun creeps into every secluded aisle of the forest, putting shadows to route. Mirror-like, the goldenrod in the

meadows reflects the brilliance of the sun. All the earth dreams in the warmth of Indian summer.

Even in the skies, Autumn has touched, for at night reigns a mellow, harvest moon. The constellations have changed places. The Big Dipper is lower on the horizon as if trying to scoop up some of the warmth of the fruitful land before the last breath of Autumn is gone.

Autumn is like a Horn of Plenty. In the many patches the golden pumpkins are clutched by vines. In the apple orchards are red, juicy apples awaiting to be pressed into sweet cider. Walnuts wait for the first hard frost to bring them down. Luscious purple grapes in clusters dangle from vines that cling to arbors. Soon, the harvester will arrive to pick the corn, leaving behind brown wigwams of corn shocks. In a few days, farm trucks will be rumbling to the city with pumpkins, carrots, squash, corn, apples, onions, and potatoes, all smelling of the good earth. Countless cellars will be stocked up with preserves, pears, cider, apples, nuts, and wine made from the grapes. Rightly has the poet Keats referred to Autumn as the season of "mellow fruitfulness," the time when summer's labor comes to rich fruition.

Like the crack of a whip, our enchantment is broken. The trees, once ragbags of color, are now bare. They have lost their power to entrance and hold us spellbound. The sun has lost its warmth, the harvest fields are bare. The earth lies barren and desolate, awaiting the arrival of Winter.

BACKWARD FLIGHT

By Kathleen Keegan

The train ran down the gleaming track,
But all I saw kept running back!
Buildings and houses, a large church steeple,
Trees and cars and even people!
It certainly was a sight to see
Them run away from the train and me!

Spirogyra Is Pond Scum That

By Peter Rosenfeld, '53

HEY, Dave! Is there an 'A' period this morning? Thank heavens! Now, maybe I can finally finish this darn biology homework."

Let's see now. Page 15. Problem—

"Yea, Dave, what's the matter? Oh, well, I guses I can play, but just for a minute, 'cuz I gotta finish this biology homework. I'll take X's. You go first—No, Dave, you take O's. I got X's. Well, that's a . . . a . . . 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9—our ninth game. I really hafta go and do the biology now, Dave. Thanks."

Now, what page was that? Oh, yes, page 17, problem 3. Oh, dear! What's spirogyra?

"Yes, Mr. Spina. Oh! Bus tickets. Thanks! Gee! I think you gave me too many. I only get two. Thank you."

Where was I? Oh, yes! Spirogyra is pond scum which contains chloroplasts. Gosh, it's already 9:15. Hey, there's Joe.

"Hey, Dave, look at the door there. How'dee ever get out, the bum. Probably told teacher he had the hiccups and needed a drink. It always works."

Let's see! This scum stuff contains . . .

"No, Dave! I really can't play that now. This biology is driving me nuts."

Oh, gee! I've lost my place again. Page 15, pr- Hmmm! The telephone. Wonder who it's for?

"Who, me, Mr. Spina? The office? Okay, thanks."

Of all times, what a time to go to the office. It better not be another one of those schedule changes—Gee, the office is crowded. It's gonna take a little energy to plow through that mob.

"Yes, Mr. Hennesey. A schedule change? Oh, I see. Geometry, first period instead of fourth. Okay. Thanks."

I knew it. This'll be my third geometry

teacher in four days.. You'd think they were afraid of having a genius in their class or sumthin'. Gosh, what a climb. I'm really pooped.

"Hi, Dave! Oh, just a schedule change."

Thank gosh, I didn't lose my place this time. That wood'a really killed me. Now what's spirogyra? Oh yes, pond-

"I'm sorry, Dave but I've just gotta do my biology."

Now, pond scum contains green, spiral, ribbonlike-

"Oh, no, Mr. Spina. I'm sorry, but I forgot it—No, I didn't know the collection was being taken today. I guess I missed the bulletin yesterday—Okay, I'll bring 20c next week."

Let's see. Pond scum contains—gee, I forget what pond scum's called. Oh, yes spirogyra-

"Darn it, Dave, I've told you a million times I can't play—Oh, a new game? Well, I'll try it for a minute but just for a minute. Gee, didn't I say I'd play for just a minute? We musta played for five minutes. My gosh, I not only forgot my cents for the S. A. S. collection, but I've also lost my 'cents' of time. Ha! Seriously, though, I've got to do this biology if it's the last thing I do."

Scum contains green—or was it blue—O-o-o-h-h-h, no! The buzzer already? And I've hardly started this biology—

"Oh, yes, Dave. I finished it. It was cinchy. All about spirogyra or sumthin'."

WHY A TOADSTOOL?

By Kathleen Keegan

They're always called a toadstool,
But I've watched the toads to see,
And they never sit upon one,
So their name quite puzzles me!

Lost and Found

By Claire C. Bier, '51

INTO the police station stormed the large man. His ruddy countenance was topped by a thatch of thick white hair that stood up like a plume. His expensively tailored suit gave evidence of his wealth, and his manner, assured and domineering, bespoke the executive. Indeed, one thought upon seeing him, "Here is a man who knows what he wants and gets it."

"Sergeant," he bellowed, stamping impatiently, "I want some service! Aren't policemen supposed to be the public's servants? Well, where are they? Come, come, I haven't got all day! I've lost my wallet and I've got to get it back! I have something valuable in it. Well, don't just stand there—do something!" The officers promised that everything possible would be done to recover the lost wallet.

Later that same day a patrolman brought the missing purse to the station.

"Thank Heaven," the sergeant thought, "now he will be happy; in fact, he should be overjoyed, for there are over three hundred dollars and some valuable papers in it."

So the sergeant called the man, who came to the station himself in great haste to pick up his wallet. When he saw the billfold, he seized it without a word to anyone and searched through it frantically. Finally he came up with something very small, and a triumphant look spread over his face. Indifferently he tossed the wallet onto the desk and started to walk out.

"Wait a minute," the desk sergeant shouted after him, "don't you want your three hundred dollars?"

"Oh, you can keep that," answered the man gaily. "All I wanted was my lucky penny."

He held up one lonely coin.

"I'd be lost without it."

Memories

By Kathleen Keegan '51

DO you remember way back when—oh, to that fateful day when first you walked into that huge school building, a shivering, frankly terrified little freshman? My, weren't there a lot of people walking around?—And weren't there a lot of doors in that place? Remember the time that you walked into that room, confident that at last you had found your French class, and discovered you had marched yourself right into a Senior Math class? Oh, that was really embarrassing! But it wasn't quite so bad as the time that you blundered into the girls' sewing class. Boy, did the fellows razz you about that one! And remember when you mis-read the daily bulletin and found yourself down in the girls' gym, signing up for the girls' field hockey team? How were you to know that girls played hockey, too? Then, again, there was the time that you were late for class because you hadn't been able to open your locker to get your algebra book. It wasn't until after the bell had rung that you remembered you were using the combination of your gym locker instead of the right one. But that was long ago. Now you're beginning your last year—a full-fledged senior. Oh, golly! Look at what our reminiscing has gotten us into. Here we are again, down in the girls' gym when we should be on the second floor for English!

HALLOWEEN

By Marilyn Case

Jack-o-lantern's yellow light
Shining in the dead of night;
Witches on their broomsticks fly
Swooping through the darkened sky.
Ghosts in white are out a-prowling
Black cats sit on fences howling
Mysterious shadows can be seen
For tonight is Hallowe'en.

The Million Dollar Baby

By William Brazill, '53

BOB CRONIN leaned over the table and waved a magazine in Jack Hoover's face. "You've just got to enter the contest," he said. "You can win easily."

Jack looked up and sighed heavily. "Don't be silly, I haven't even got a chance," he retorted.

"But it says right here" Bob answered, pointing to the magazine, "that anyone can win. Listen. 'Is photography your hobby? If so, send us your best pictures; you may win a prize.'"

Jack's expression changed to that of a disgusted frown. After all, these contests were all fixed, and those that weren't, were just impossible for him to win. Besides, what picture could he enter! The pictures that he had were all dull, uninteresting scenes of the neighborhood, and the possibility of taking new pictures was out of the question because he had no film. The thought of buying film was immediately drowned, for at this time, Jack was short of funds. However, after a little persuasion from Bob, he agreed to look for an old snapshot and enter it in the contest. After searching several hours, Bob happened upon the family album. Flipping through the pages several times, he suddenly stopped and gazed at the picture in front of him.

"Jack," he yelled. "I found a swell one." "Let's see!" Jack said excitedly.

Bob proudly held up the album, and there facing Jack was a chubby, grinning baby holding a rattle high in the air.

"What is it!" laughed Bob.

"That, you laughing drip, happens to be me when I was about a year old. But, we can't send that in. It's too old. Besides, I didn't take that snapshot."

"Well, you sure fooled me. I was sure that you were smart enough to take your own picture when you were a baby," grinned Bob. "But shucks, the contest rules don't say that

you have to take the picture yourself, and it doesn't make any difference about its age."

Jack, however, did not hear the last thing Bob said, for he had seated himself at his desk, and had addressed the envelope to the Camera Corporation of New York before his friend had finished speaking. In the small border beneath the snapshot, Jack wrote as a title, "The Million Dollar Baby."

"Swell," exclaimed Bob. "I'll mail it on my way home. Now all we can do is cross our fingers and wait."

Wait, indeed! Nearly three weeks after they mailed their entry, the boys sat talking in the den at Hoover's large white house. The stream of conversation was suddenly interrupted by the loud ringing of the phone.

"Long-distance from New York," a voice said.

Then, "Hello. My name is Burt Rogerson of the Camera Corporation. Is this Jack Hoover?"

"Yes," said Jack excitedly.

"Well, it's about your entry in our contest. It seems that you won third prize. Did you take that picture yourself?"

"Well,—ah, you see,—" Jack muttered.

"Never mind, son." Mr. Rogerson interrupted. "You see, before I came with this camera firm, I was a photographer in your town, and I took the picture that you sent in. I haven't forgotten even if it was sixteen years ago. However, you are still going to get a wonderful prize. Since you liked that picture so well, we are going to give you as a prize, a ten-inch enlargement of your baby picture."

The receiver slipped from Jack's hand, and he fell into a large chair. Bob, who also had had his ear glued to the telephone, dropped to the couch and uttered a loud groan.

To this day, our two heroes never speak of the camera contest they entered, and they vowed never to enter another contest.

:: ::

Poetry

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MY HALLOWEEN

By Janet Lewis '52

It's Halloween night,
But I'm not afraid
Of children dressed up
In queer masquerade.

Nor of witches,
Riding across the moon,
With long black capes
And magic broom.

I'm four, and I'm not scared
Of taps upon the window pane,
Nor of frightful moans and creepy sounds,
But I'll stay in the house just the same.

The broom in the corner
Looks suspicious and queer,
Just as though it could fly
Very far from here.

The moon outside is clear and round,
And witches don't ride across it,
But I'll not venture out to see if it's so,
I'll stay in the house and sit.

No, I'm not afraid of a terrible old witch.
Ghosts and spiders are tame.
And goblins just don't exist,
But I'll stay in the house just the same.

THE CONQUEROR

By Donald Reid '51

A mighty conqueror he comes
Clad in scarlet, violet, and gold,
While his heralds, the whistling winds,
Give warning to the earth.
Mountains and valleys he sets ablaze.
His torches spread fire across the land;
Then all is ashen—brown and sere.
In the wake of his colorful banners
Lies a desolate earth.
It waits the concealing mantle of Winter
To hide the ravages of Fall, the Conqueror.

AUTUMN

By Sara Morgan, '53

Who sets each shining leaf aflame
And leaves it withered, brown and dead?
Who is this sprite that brings the cold
And flocks of wild geese overhead?
He chills the early morning dawn,
And rustles through the leaves at night;
He puts each bloom and bud to sleep
And bores each garden as by blight.
He tears the leaves from branches high
And sends them dashing to the ground,
Then lifts them up again on high
And whirls them madly round and round.
Who is this carefree vagabond
That neither king nor prince can tame?
Who is he? Now you must have guessed
It's radiant Autumn, come again.

HALLOWEEN'S OVER

By Janet Lewis '52

Halloween night is over;
The witches have flown home again.
No more frightful moaning and groaning,
No more knocks upon the pane.

Rover has stopped his howling
In the entry by the door,
And the fairies, brownies, and little-folk,
Rule the world once more.

A SAD MISHAP

By Kathleen Keegan '51

I once had a puppy
Who played in the park
And got so excited
He swallowed his bark!
Imagine his plight
When a kitty he spied
And his bark just stayed down
In his little inside!

CAREER CORNER



MR. EDWARD GNIADEK

Many of us think of a career in terms of white collar jobs or something glamorous in the world of art, but there are many interesting positions that require skill of hands as well as brains. With this in mind, we set out to interview Mr. Edward Gniadek, employed by Shapiro Motors, Inc., as head auto mechanic.

The large workshop into which we were escorted had many cars in various states of repair. There a pleasant young man of medium build, with a boyish crew cut, greeted us. He told us that it wasn't until his senior year in high school that he decided to do this sort of work. Upon the advice of a friend and teacher, Mr. Joseph Molitor, he changed from college preparatory to vocational school, specializing in auto body repair. He was employed part time by Shapiro Motors during school and, upon graduating from Pittsfield High School in 1941, found steady employment there without serving further apprenticeship.

Mr. Gniadek is a Navy veteran. He served three years as a gunner's mate in the European

and Asiatic theaters of war. After his return from the service he was employed for a brief period of six weeks at the General Electric Co. He then returned to Shapiro's, where he has since been employed.

In 1948 Mr. Gniadek married the former Leocadia Maslanka, and they have one little girl, Christine, age 18 months.

Mr. Gniadek is well known around Pittsfield as a golfer. When he can find time you will see him swinging a club at the Berkshire Hills Country Club. His team this year won the Berkshire Allied Cup.

Mr. Gniadek says the work is interesting and that one is more or less his own boss. The employment is steady and pays well. The young man with a nice smile said that he considered, "Never too old to learn" excellent advice and is always alert to try the latest methods recommended in his field. Very ambitious, Mr. Gniadek hopes some day to have a business of his own; so to augment his income he sells real estate in his spare time.

As for advice to future mechanics, Mr. Gniadek said that auto body repair requires skill and a lot of patience, and to the boy who likes to work around cars, it is an absorbing and satisfying job. He gives a bit of encouragement to those boys who are studying for this work by saying, "As long as there are automobiles on the road, there will be a need for auto mechanics."

THE GOLDEN KEYS

By Cora Sharron

There are three little golden keys:
Thank you, Pardon, and If you please;
They unlock doors at the first trial
If you just turn them with a smile.

Scholarships

THE graduating class of June 1950 has established a fine record. Many of the college preparatory students and some of the boys from the technical course were awarded scholarships. Although most of the awards were given for scholastic ability, there were also athletic scholarships. The combined financial worth of the scholarships is over \$40,000 and all were given with a four-year value.

Awards were made from many different types of colleges—those noted for their athletic teams as well as others which stress sciences. A number of civic organizations presented scholarships to the outstanding girls in last year's class, and some of the finest women's colleges in the country granted financial aid.

If more than twenty of last year's students who went on to institutions of higher learning were able to accomplish such a purpose, so can you. And the time to start is now. Even if you are a freshman or a sophomore and to you college seems a long way off, now is the time to start looking into student aid granted by the type of college you hope to attend.

The counselors assigned to the various classes are ready to help you with any matter concerning your furthering your education. Miss Keegan and Mr. Walsh in grade nine, Miss Bulger and Mr. Reynolds in grade ten, Miss Kaliher and Mr. Reagan in grade eleven, and Mrs. Beahan and Mr. Conroy, who will work with the seniors, will welcome all of you who wish to discuss your prospective college training.

Scholarships are being given by the colleges and civic organizations on a basis of three things: scholarship, extra-curricular activities, and the need for such aid by the individual. And now, more than ever before, athletic scholarships are awarded to boys

Are You Eligible For the Draft?

YOU as a high school boy might wonder if you are eligible for selective service (the draft). The local draft board has issued the rules for induction which pertain to high school and college boys.

As of now there is no regulation for anyone who satisfactorily pursues a full-time course of study at high school. If he is ordered to report for induction prior to graduation, he will have his induction postponed (1) until the time of his graduation, or (2) until he reaches his twentieth birthday, or (3) until he ceases satisfactorily his course of study. This means that the student must attend school regularly and his marks must receive passing grades.

If you are a college preparatory or technical student, and are planning to go on to college, it is advised that you take the chance and apply for admission to the college. These regulations are subject to change.

To the rest of the boys who are planning a career that does not require college training, the local board of selective service advises you to continue with your plans.

Any boy who may be in doubt about this matter may contact the Guidance Department.

who show an ability and who are able to keep their marks up to par.

NOTICE TO COLLEGE PREPARATORY AND TECHNICAL SENIORS

If you are planning to apply for a scholarship this year, it is a good idea to take the College Entrance Examinations on Saturday, December 2, 1950. The reason for this early date is that the scholarship boards in many colleges meet early in January. College Entrance Examination Board tests are usually considered in granting scholarships. Hence a word to the wise . . .

Touring the West

By Joanne Conant, '51

ATENTION!! Flight 591 will now leave Albany Airport for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. All passengers will please enter the plane by Gate 4."

This was my first plane ride; so, to be safe, I sat over the wing as the plane veterans had advised me. Up, up, we went until we reached 6,000 feet. We leveled off and were flying smooth. Just like riding in a car, I thought. All this talk about air-pockets is nonsense; but as the old saying goes, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched." When we hit Pittsburgh, we went right into an electrical storm. What fun! Just like riding in a roller coaster; only in a roller coaster you are sure to stay on the ground. In a plane you aren't sure what's going to happen next. Finally, after eight hours of treacherous riding, we landed in Kansas City, Missouri.

My aunt and uncle met me there and drove me to their home in Topeka, Kansas, where I stayed for four weeks. I visited the Capitol as well as other places of interest in Topeka, Eureka, and Kansas City, Missouri.

My brother joined me later, just in time to leave for a tour of the West in our covered wagon, 1950 model. Coming from a small town back East called Pittsfield, we amazed everyone with our accent. We didn't speak English; we spoke a foreign language.

"Where's Pittsfield? Is it a suburb of Boston?"

We learned to answer readily, "Yes, about 150 miles away."

On our way to Denver we went through miles and miles of prairie, which should be called No-man's Land. Reaching Denver, we found a modern tourist camp and spent a night there. We rode around the city and saw their famous City Park. It is said, "You don't see Denver if you don't see Elitch's." Elitch's is an amusement park with every known ride and game. The following morn-

ing we started up the southern route of the Rocky Mountains to Estes Park, where we were to stay a week at the Y.M.C.A. Camp. There we spent a wonderful week hiking, horseback riding, square-dancing; we even went on a chuck wagon supper.

Our next stop brought us as far west as we would go—Salt Lake City. By car, we followed the old covered wagon trail which the Mormons took when they found the great prairie. From the western side of the Rockies can be seen the breath-taking sight of the "great Salt Lake City and the surrounding countryside." It is so beautiful today that it is difficult to imagine the first view which those early pioneers had as they gazed over the desolate area. Only one tree grew then in the valley, a cedar, a portion of which is still preserved in a shrine in Salt Lake City. The beautiful "This is the Place Monument," located at the entrance of Emigration Canyon, marks the spot where the pioneer leader uttered those historic words.

Brigham Young had such foresight that he laid out Salt Lake on the square plan of 10 acre blocks with unusually wide streets of 132 feet. It is the cleanest city in the world today. The mountain streams furnish delicious cold water for drinking. Visiting the famous Mormon Temple Square, we took a guided tour, which took us into the Tabernacle to hear the famous "Mormon Tabernacle Organ" at noon. The acoustics are so effective in the Tabernacle that microphones are needed only for radio broadcasting. We also visited the Great Salt Lake. We saw how the people spend a warm afternoon. Picnic tables are all under shelter from the sun. They even have indoor fire-places. In the evening they have dancing outside with Salt Lake as a background.

We visited several canyons. The first was Bryce Canyon, in the famous National Parks.

This canyon consists of pink cliff formations, whose sandstone cliffs rise sheer to form the canyon walls. Zion Canyon, about 50 miles from Bryce, was our next stop. Zion's chief feature is the great multicolored gorge, whose rocks are among the most colorful of any forming the earth's crust. At the Grand Canyon, which is a mile deep and 50 miles wide, we heard a ranger lecture. The ranger told us we couldn't see the canyon in a day or a week or a month or a year. It is continuously changing formation and color. From Hermit's Rest, the farthest point into the canyon, it is possible on a clear day to see the complete canyon.

Another point of interest was the Petrified Forest in Arizona. This forest is 160 million years old. The trees lay as they fell. Heading east, we went through New Mexico to Albuquerque, which is one of the most modern cities in New Mexico. Sante Fe, on the other hand, is altogether different from Albuquerque. It is a quaint little city with mud buildings. The people in Sante Fe wear very colorful clothing.

Traveling back toward Topeka we stopped in Colorado Springs, where we visited the Garden of the Gods. The Garden of the Gods is famous for its many formations of rock. This rock is in the formation of animals and people. The rock is a beautiful shade of red. We visited the little town of Cripple Creek, about 35 miles away. This town was once a prosperous mining town. Today there are only 25 families living there. Manitou Springs, a suburb of Colorado Springs, is noted for its fifty mineral springs. People come from near and far to drink the water from the spring.

Our time was running out so we headed back for Topeka. The following day we were on our way HOME. What a long trip, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Albany and—The Berkshire Hills, what a welcome sight!!!!

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

How does it feel to be back in school?

JUDY COOK—O. K. but where did my social life go?

BERNARD DONDY—Do you really want me to tell you! !?

LEE DIEFENDORF—I "con't" complain.

JANET HODECKER—It's just one of those things.

GREG INDIAN—Can't say, but I'm back in Mr. Massimiano's class.

LARRY INGRAHAM—That's a question for some thought.

BETTY JASPER—I've got that old feeling.

JUDY KAGAN—"Kent" believe it.

LARRY KIMPLE—Thank goodness, it's my last year.

MONROE KANTER—Now I can start counting the days 'til June.

SALLY MCCAMBRIDGE—I'm having a "Whalen" good time.

VELMA SPAZIOSO—Good, because the sooner we get in the quicker we get out.

LOIS WILKES—Wonderful!

JUNE WOOLIVER—Great . . . ?



WHO'S WHO



IRMA BOSMA

From Brodie Mountain comes this amiable senior, Irma Bosma. Irma is School Notes Editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* and chairman of the program committee of the Motion Picture Club. Last year she was president of this club.

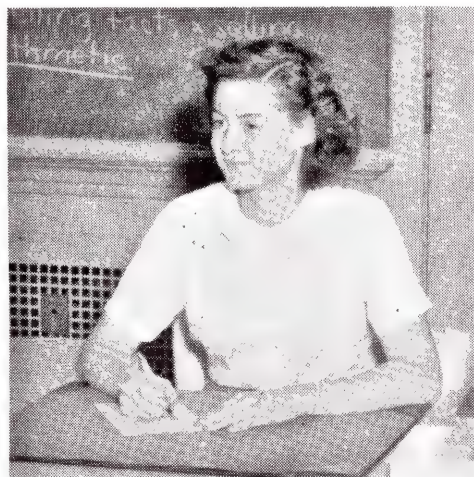
Irma's favorite pastime is eating, and tops on her list are fudge and chocolate cake. She enjoys square dancing and is a rabid Red Sox fan.

As to the future, Irma hopes to become a good teacher. Knowing her conscientiousness in every task she undertakes, we feel certain that she will be one of the best.



MUSICAL MISS

P. H. S., meet your concertmistress, Marlene Posner. Marlene has been a member of the orchestra for three years, and her musical taste runs from classical to popular with "Because" her favorite song. She also belongs to Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, the Glee Club, and a capella choir. Art is Marlene's hobby, and she likes to sing, dance, and listen to records in her spare time. English, Southern fried chicken, and skating are also tops with this busy senior, whose only pet peeve is leaking faucets. Marlene's plans for the future include getting a degree in nursing from Hood College. Good luck, and may your life be a song, Marlene.



"JO"

Here's a gal you're going to see quite a lot of on the football field and basketball court, cheering our boys to victory. She's Josephine Mancivalano, better known as "Jo." Next to cheerleading she favors dancing and spaghetti. Although her favorite sport is basketball, she is a loyal Red Sox fan as well. She says boys are okay on the whole, but there is one special one who tops her list. Jo hasn't any special plans for after graduation, but, anyway, let's wish her loads of luck, and help make her final year at P. H. S. her best.

October, 1950

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BETTY JASPER

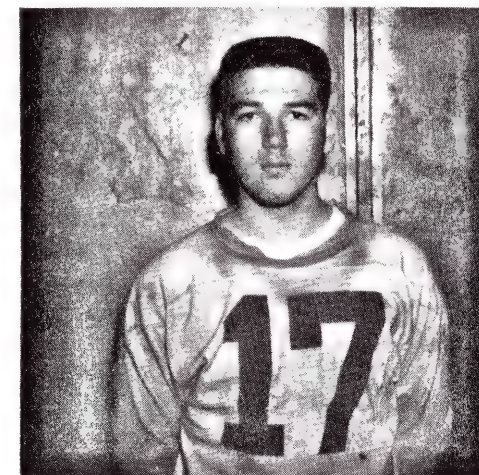
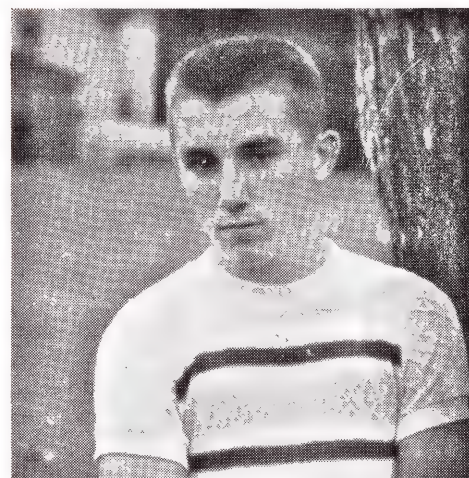
Here's a senior who is busy as a bee—Betty Jasper. Betty is a member of the Glee Club, Motion Picture Club, the School Notes department of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. She was secretary of the Junior Class last year, secretary of the Student Council, and Home Room Representative for two years. This year she is president of Delta Tri-Hi-Y.

Betty has many favorites. She likes to play tennis and watch polo. The baseball team she roots for is the Detroit Tigers. As pastimes she spends her time reading and window shopping. Any meal with spaghetti appeals to her. Her favorite subject is typing, which she took up this year.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

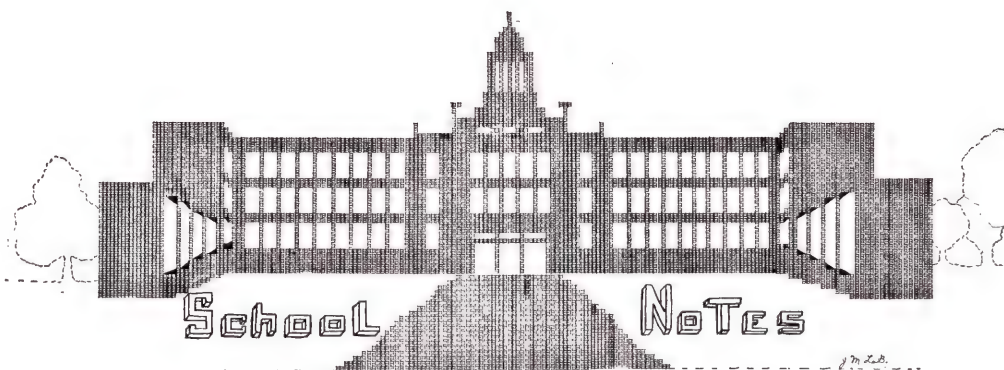
Here's the captain of the football team, Anthony Nugai, known to all of us as "Tony." Tony lists football as his favorite sport and says that there isn't any better one. This husky football captain decides that eating steak is his favorite pastime. Tony is not biased when it comes to girls; he seems to prefer them all. He claims that his hobby is collecting butterflies, but doesn't seem to want to show any proof of his work.

Tony's plans for the future are at present rather indefinite, but we wish him a lot of luck, especially in his senior year at Pittsfield High School.



"ERNIE"

This alert looking senior is Ernest Dube, the first man on the golf team. His favorite subject is Spanish, and he just loves steaks. The Red Sox is his favorite team; thus his pet peeve is "the Yankee Fans." Dancing and popular music rate with Ernie, too. As for sports, he likes golf, skiing, baseball, and football. His plans for the future include college. We wish him luck.



Irma Bosma, Editor

Helen Madden, Shirley Ann Denno, Patricia Smith, Jean Sutton, Janet Hodecker, Peggy Navin, Paula Coughlin, Judy Feder, Gael Donoghue, Laura Dennis, Betty Jasper, Barbara Erickson, James Renzi.

INTRODUCING THE NEW FACULTY

Let's go meet the teachers who have joined the faculty of P. H. S. this year.

The sight of pretty red hair draws us to Room 150. Here we find Miss Ruth Mills, who has come to us from Central Junior High to teach geography. A graduate of P. H. S., she attended Rockford College in Illinois and North Adams State Teachers College, where she received her Bachelor of Arts and her Master of Education degrees respectively. Her hobbies are knitting and music.

Next, in Room 146, we see Miss Katherine Black, a ninth grade teacher of history from Pontoosuc Junior High. Miss Black graduated from the College of St. Rose with a Bachelor of Arts degree and Columbia University with a Master's degree. Her hobbies are golf and music—or, to be specific, dancing.

Down the hall, conducting a class in Room 142, is Mr. Robert Edwards, who teaches French and German. Mr. Edwards came to us from Worcester High. He holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from Russell Sage College and a Master's degree from Clark University. Right now he says his hobby is baby-sitting, but he goes in for hiking and enjoys community work.

Next we meet, not a ninth grade teacher, but the retail sales teacher, Miss Ann Nugent. Previously, Miss Nugent taught grades one and two at Read School. She is another graduate of P. H. S. and the College of St. Rose. Her hobby is also golf. She enjoys her class here very much and says the girls are very co-operative. With such a nice teacher this is easily understood.

Last of all, on the first floor, we have Mr. Edward J. Stanley, a vocational teacher. Mr. Stanley graduated from Arnold College with a B.S. degree and from St. Bonaventure University with a Master of Education degree. A former Physical Education teacher he likes all sports but particularly enjoys football and basketball. His favorite team is the N. Y. Giants. He also likes to bowl.

Let's give these teachers a nice welcome and let them know we are glad to have them with us.

FACULTY PROMOTIONS

This year P. H. S. finds three teachers who have been promoted to become the heads of the Language, Mathematics, and History Departments. They are Miss Millet, teacher of French, now head of the Language Department; Mr. Massimiano, who teaches

algebra and senior mathematics, head of the Mathematics Department; and Mr. Murphy who teaches geography and history, head of the History Department.

Miss Millet is a graduate of Smith College, where she received her Bachelor of Arts degree, and New York State Teacher's College in Albany, where she received her Master of Arts degree. She also did some advance study in French at McGill University in Montreal and at the Sorbonne in France.

Mr. Murphy received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Holy Cross and was awarded his Master's degree two years ago from North Adams State Teacher's College. He is also a member of the School Discipline Committee.

Mr. Massimiano graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a Bachelor of Science degree and from North Adams State Teachers College with a Master of Education degree. He also did graduate work at Ohio State University.

ASSEMBLIES

Mr. Arthur Houston was the guest speaker for the first assembly of the year on September 22. As head of the science department at Keene (New Hampshire) High School, he gave demonstrations on high-voltage electricity, using apparatus made by the students from his classes. The demonstration was of particular interest to students of science at Pittsfield High, who are this year trying to figure out the intricacies of the laboratory.

Many of Mr. Houston's students have gone on to technical institutes and have become well-known in the field of science.

On September 28 the students in the science department had an opportunity to see the General Electric "House of Magic" show. Mr. Curtiss Sween and Mr. Frank Logandill of the G. E.'s Schenectady laboratory demonstrated the latest developments in science.

Guest speaker at the assembly, Oct. 4, was Al Rosen, star third baseman of the Cleve-

land Indians. Mr. Rosen was brought here through the efforts of the B'nai Brith!

Mr. Rosen, who served three years in the Navy, played ball with the Pittsfield Indians in 1946. Gradually, he worked his way up until he became a "big leaguer."

His talk was extremely interesting. His stories of old time ball players as well as today's players were very entertaining.

Mr. Rosen graciously answered questions from the audience at the end of the program.

RALLY

The opening game of Pittsfield High's home football season was heralded by our first rally of the year. Many of us who had not seen the game with Greenfield had our first opportunity to watch the cheerleaders perform. At first it seemed that everyone must have lost his voice, but when the new pupils had learned the cheers, there was no doubt about the vociferousness of the freshmen and sophomores. With Josephine Mancivalano's encouragement and the wonderful leadership of the other cheerleaders, the cheers were soon as loud and hearty as they are at an actual game. After Coach Fox had told about the letters sent to the team by former members, he introduced the first string. Captain Tony Nugai then spoke a few words about the game with Springfield Technical. The rally ended, as it had begun, with a rousing tune by the band.

ORCHESTRA

This year P. H. S. can look forward to having a fine orchestra under the able direction of Mr. Carl F. Gorman. Although the orchestra itself is small, we can expect the customary excellent Christmas and spring concerts. Mr. Gorman expresses the need for students who play string instruments. Anyone who would like to join will be welcome. We wish Mr. Gorman and his orchestra a successful year.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

The Tri-Hi-Y is all set to start off the year with a bang. The clubs are busy initiating their new members.

It has been suggested that each club have only one big dance during the year. The Oasis might be held every other week, with each club taking its turn as hostess. This is all in the planning stage, but we hope the committee can decide on a suitable plan. So here's wishing the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs and the Y. M. C. A. a successful year.

The new officers for this year are as follows:

Alpha—Shirley-Ann Denno, president; Deborah Carley, vice-president; Paula Coughlin and Sheila McCormick, secretaries; Mary Lou Moser, treasurer; Betty Simmons, warden-chaplain.

Beta—Jane Marri, president; Jean Trudell, vice-president; Pat Danyliw, secretary; Beverly Senecal, treasurer; Joan Heaton, warden-chaplain.

Gamma—Janet Hodecker, president; Betty Budrow, vice-president; Elinor Hashim, secretary; Ruth Adelson, treasurer; Joan and Jane Phair, wardens; Judy Ann Case, chaplain.

Delta—Betty Jasper, president; Connie Frieri, vice-president; Ann Wilde, secretary; Nancy Quirk, treasurer; Clementine Fox, warden-chaplain.

Sigma—Marilyn McMahon, president; Velma Spazioso, vice-president; Beverly Dorman, secretary; Norma Quadrozzi, treasurer; Thelma Monteleone, warden-chaplain.

Zeta—Janet Peplowski, president; Ann Albano, vice president; Joan Frank, secretary; Marie Allen, treasurer; Barbara Turner, warden-chaplain.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

One of the newest changes in the vocational section is the changing of the time schedule. The boys have to report to school

at 8:15 instead of the usual 8:45 and stay until 2:45. During this extra half hour they attend special classes, depending upon the courses they are taking.

All of the vocational courses except drafting now have one week of school and a week of shop, alternating throughout the year. Only half the vocational courses had this schedule last year. Many people have the idea that vocational is just shop work, but actually they are required to take and pass academic subjects the same as any other high school courses.

Because the shops are getting overcrowded, the general vocational shops have been moved to Read School. There they have all the shops except auto mechanics and auto body.

Machine shop has received a few of the many machines being given to them by the Naval Surplus Dept. Two of these are 14 inch Hendey lathes. Another is a No. 5 Gisholt turret lathe. They are valued at \$30,000, but the only expense to the school is the cost of transportation. Sheet metal has received a Hossfeld metal bender.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club held its annual opening meeting Friday, September 15, under the supervision of Miss Hodges.

Their new officers for this year are president, Robert Simmons; vice president, Vernon Turner; corresponding secretary, Nadia Fedoryshyn; recording secretary, Vincent Ruperto; treasurer, Martin Betters; librarian, Lillian Pruckniak. These chairmen of committees were elected: Joseph Pugliese, reporting; Irma Bosma, program; and Harold Byrde, sunshine.

Any students interested in seeing and discussing recent films are welcome.

You still have time to join; so attend the next meeting for an enjoyable experience.

OUR BAND

Our band, the inspiration of our football games and rallies, is this year the biggest in the history of Pittsfield High School. Its members, numbering nearly ninety, working under the able direction of Mr. Carl Gorman, have aroused enthusiastic school spirit. Its snappy marches keep morale high during crucial moments, while the beating of drums and the blaring of horns send a thrill of excitement through the crowds.

We are all looking forward to the fine concert program which it has been customary to give each year. We know it will be a big success with James Ranti as its able concert master.

For the second year the band is wearing its snappy uniforms, so don't forget to look for "our band" on Armistice Day and give them your hearty applause.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

This year the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman, held its first meeting on September twentieth. If you happen to pass the auditorium after school on Wednesdays, you will hear the merry voices of about one hundred girls, accompanied at the piano by Ann Wilde. Mr. Gorman has chosen some of his favorite songs for the next concert, and we hope the girls will keep up their good work. It seems that a very successful year lies ahead for the club—one during which we may all be proud of our Glee Club.

RIFLE CLUB NEWS

For the 1950-51 season, the Rifle Club hopes to have better response than they had last year. The season will start early in November, and shooting will be held at the G.E.A.A. rifle range. All those who wish to join, boys or girls, should contact Mr. Richard T. Weisse, c/o the G.E.A.A. clubhouse. Mr. Weisse, who has carried on this program at great personal sacrifice, urges all students who are interested in shooting to come out for the team this year.



MEET THE FACULTY

Here's a teacher who is already known by nearly everyone around P. H. S.—Miss Lauretta M. Guiltinan of 231. Miss Guiltinan teaches ninth grade English. She is—dare we say it?—a graduate of St. Joseph's High School. She attended the College of St. Rose, where she majored in Latin and English to attain her Bachelor of Arts degree; at Fordham University she majored in Latin and Greek to receive her Master's degree.

Before coming to P. H. S., Miss Guiltinan taught Latin and English at Wells High School, Wells, New York; Latin at Hunter College High School, N. Y.; Latin at Jackson Heights, Long Island; and English at Pomerooy Junior High.

She loves all sports. She has four brothers—not much choice, has she?—and is bullied into rooting for the Red Sox and Notre Dame, the alma mater of her brothers.

Miss Guiltinan bowls in the Teachers' Bowling League, is a member of the F.M.T.A., and belongs to the Woman's Club. Her hobby is singing in choirs and church.

We'd like to salute a teacher with a pretty Irish smile—Miss Lauretta M. Guiltinan.



Pittsfield High School is well represented by the class of 1950 at the University of Massachusetts. Some of the freshmen are Marcia Viale, Marion Felton, Pearl Binder, Ann Cavanaugh, Kenneth Wick, Merna Morgenstein, Nancy Montgomery, Paul Green, Peggy Ann Brown, and Marvin Bass.

Private Rudy Sondrini, '49 football captain, was wounded while serving with the U. S. Army in Korea. He recovered at a hospital in Japan.

The outstanding athlete of '50 and winner of the coveted "Tommy Curtin" medal, Richard "Brass" Ross, has entered the freshman class at Colgate.

Nancy Knoblock, '49, who won a scholarship for an excellent scholastic average and outstanding work in school activities, has transferred from the University of Rochester to Smith College.

Richard Holleran, winner of the R. P. I. medal, and Richard Gagnon, recipient of a scholarship, have entered R. P. I. in Troy.

Doris Byrdy and Barbara Silver, both honor graduates of the class of '50, are freshmen at Smith College.

John Coughlin, '49, made the dean's list at Harvard University last semester. Entered there as freshmen this year are Jay Reder and Larson Powell, graduates of 1950.

Last year's cheerleader captain, Patricia

Hughes, is attending Larson Junior College in New Haven, Connecticut.

Tess Malumphy, an outstanding girl athlete of 1950, is in the freshman class at Bridgewater State Teachers College. Also a freshman there is Sondra Schwartz.

Paul Bosquet, '49, has transferred to the University of Vermont. He was on the ski team when he was a freshman at Dartmouth College.

Entering their freshmen year at Worcester Polytechnical Institute are Paul Wagenecht, Robert Brown, and Richard Mierowitz. Paul was the captain of the 1950 ski team at Pittsfield High.

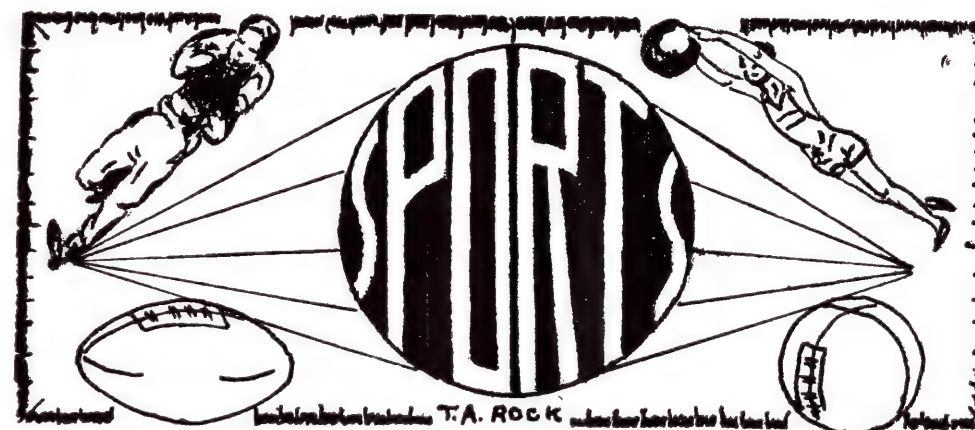
Betsy Hynes has returned from vacationing in Europe to enter her freshman year at Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y.

Donald Morehead, three letter-man and captain of the basketball team last year, has entered Kentucky State University.

Gordon Swirsky, a past photographer on THE PEN, has bought Lee Phillip's Photo Store on South Street.

John "Whitey" Hart is attending Mt. Hermon School. A member of the Pittsfield High football team last year, he has made the varsity team at Mt. Hermon.

Ann Evans, a past member of the band, and Rita Goldstein, who was concert mistress of the orchestra last year, are freshmen at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.



HOLYOKE DEFEATS P. H. S. 20-6

On September 30 at MacKenzie Stadium, Holyoke, the P. H. S. football team lost its third game of the season. As in their two previous games, they were the first to score, and again it was Charlie Garavaltis running 68 yards to a touchdown. With this defeat went Pittsfield High's chances for the Western Mass. Championships.

All the Holyoke scoring was done in the first half. Pittsfield's pass defense was not working, and Holyoke gained much yardage in the air. Ray Lajoie, a 232-pound Holyoke tackle, troubled Pittsfield by putting most of his kick-offs into the end zones. He also kicked two extra points.

Holyoke, aided by a pass interference ruling on Garivaltis, advanced 66 yards and matched Pittsfield's one touchdown before the first quarter was over. Two more touchdowns were scored by Holyoke before the half; the last one was set up by a 35-yard run by Don Graf, Holyoke's triple threat.

No scoring was done in the second half by either team, although early in the third quarter P. H. S., sparked by an interception by half-back Carl Mayes, drove up to the Holyoke 19-yard line. Here, however, they lost the ball to Holyoke on downs.

Carl Mayes and Sam Adornetto did an excellent job in gaining ground.

PITTSFIELD LOSES TO GREENFIELD IN OPENING GAME (Greenfield 12, Pittsfield 7)

Pittsfield's lightly regarded football team opened its season in Greenfield on September 16 by nearly scoring an upset over the heavily favored opposition. Pittsfield's fast hard-hitting line had the Greenfield men so completely stopped that they couldn't get within scoring distance until the second quarter.

Early in the first quarter, Charles Garivaltis, with superb blocking, went fifty-five yards for a touchdown. Franklin Reid converted, making the score 7-0 in favor of Pittsfield.

The tables turned, however, with the rain. Pittsfield fumbled, Greenfield recovered and scored, but missed the try for the extra point.

Pittsfield's slim lead was wiped out by two 15-yard penalties charged against Pittsfield. Greenfield again went on the march, making the score at the end of the game Greenfield 12—Pittsfield 7.

P. H. S. DROPS HOME-OPENER 12-6

After driving to an early 6-0 lead, Pittsfield High finally lost out, 12-6, to a fighting Springfield Technical eleven, who staged a fine second half rally. The game was played on Saturday, September 23, at Wahconah Park before a crowd of approximately 2,000 in bitter cold autumn weather.

P. H. S. drew first blood as it received the opening kickoff and proceeded to march sixty-four yards in thirteen plays to score a touchdown without losing possession of the ball. Fullback Frank Reid and halfback Chuck Garivaltis, both sophomores, did the major part of the ball carrying in the big drive, with the latter finally cracking over from the four-yard line for the T. D. Reid missed the conversion.

Pittsfield threatened again in the first half. Chuck Garivaltis, grabbing a Tech punt on his own forty-seven-yard line, returned the ball to the mid-field stripe. Three plays later a Snook-Reid reverse netted Pittsfield a twenty-two-yard gain and a first down on Tech's five-yard line. However, the out-of-townners rose to the occasion, as their determined forward wall held Pittsfield for four successive downs to end the scoring threat.

The second half was all Tech. Receiving the kick-off, the opposition advanced from their own twenty-seven to Pittsfield's ten. At this point halfback Ronnie Russell pounced on Archie Williams' fumble, but an offside penalty gave Tech a first down on Pittsfield's three-yard line. On the next play Williams scored standing up, tying the score. Di Lorenzo's rush for the extra point was stopped.

Offside penalties resulted in Pittsfield's undoing. With a few minutes left in the game and with Tech in possession of the ball at the Pittsfield's thirty-three yard line, the Purple again received an offside penalty on a fourth down-incompleted forward pass, keeping the Tech onslaught alive. A fifteen-yard pass play from Aldo Grassetti to Williams followed the costly infraction, giving

Tech a first down on the Pittsfield eighteen. Six plays later, with a scant one minute and thirty-six seconds remaining in the contest, fullback Ed Mall culminated a fifty-four-yard drive by smashing over from the two-yard line with the winning score.

In the dying seconds of the game, Pittsfield took to the air as Dick Snook completed a twenty-four-yard pass to Lou Kryznowski, but Tech. later intercepted to halt Pittsfield's desperation drive.

ADAMS SETS BACK P. H. S. 20-7

On October 7 the P. H. S. football team lost its fourth straight game, 20-7, this time to Adams High. However bad the score, the game brought to light for P. H. S. a few players who had been hitherto undiscovered.

On the first kick-off Adams carried the ball back to its own 40-yard line. Using no aerial attack whatsoever, they pushed Pittsfield back 60 yards to a touchdown. That was the only scoring done in the first half, although Pittsfield, sparked by Mike DeAngelus' passes, twice advanced within scoring distance of the Adams goal line.

The majority of the scoring was done in the final period. Utilizing their terrific power on the ground, Adams drove 36 yards to a score by Victor Bednarz. Adams followed this up by another march of 58 yards, with Bednarz breaking through the Pittsfield line and trotting 20 yards for another touchdown.

Pittsfield's touchdown came in the final minutes of the last quarter. Their 81-yard drive, started by a peculiar play deep in the enemy's territory, was marked by many spectacular passes to John Fiorini, Leo Gilson, and Lewis Krynowski. On the next to the last play of the game, DeAngelus threw a short pass to Fiorini for a touchdown. The extra point was made by another pass and the game was over.

Considering their depleted ranks, Pittsfield played the finest game of the season thus far.

Girls' Sports

Give Us A Cheer

PITTSFIELD High School has opened the 1950 football season with three losses. Students, are we going to let the team down now, or are we going to show these fellows that they have our support, and that we are behind them whether they win or lose? It's all up to you, students! With your spirit you can help goad these fellows on to victory. Our team, led by our capable captain, Tony Nugai, and our cheerleaders, captained by petite "Jo" Mancivalano, need a cheering section behind them. While our team improves, our cheering section should do likewise. We realize that you new freshmen and sophomores, who are in P. H. S. for the first time, are not acquainted with the cheers; but if you try to follow our snappy cheerleaders, Pat Farrell, "Jo" Lombardi, Rosemary Chanin, Judy Case, Captain "Jo" Mancivalano, Eleanor Vogt, Joan Learned, and Norma Quadrozzi, you will catch on to the cheers in no time at all. Remember your spirit and cheers! Show the boys you are behind them. Come on, everybody—freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors—and cheer our team to victory!

Congratulations to our new Junior Varsity cheerleaders, Peggy Stewart, Katherine Lewis, Barbara and "Tine" Fox, Marian Bellanger, Peggy Kennedy, Gerry Giard, Shirley Snow, Suzanne Spellios, and Connie Frieri. These girls are working hard at practices, and the results of their efforts will soon be seen at their approaching debut.

Our cheerleaders are constantly in need of some new and peppy cheers, so if anyone in the student body is poetically inclined and would like to contribute to this cause, her efforts would be greatly appreciated. Any

suggestions should be given to a member of the cheering squad.

"BIRDIE?"

The badminton classes for junior girls have begun again, with large classes as usual. About fifty girls have signed up to play. These classes are for beginners as well as for the ones who already know how to play.

Among the girls who show much progress for the tournament are Shirley Madden, Peggy Kennedy, Nancy Quirk, and Carol Calebaugh.

FIELD SOCKEY (PARDON) HOCKEY

Crash, Bang! Ouch! Hey, what's up, you're probably wondering. These are just a few noises being heard now that girls' field hockey is in full swing. Undoubtedly you have seen samples of the bruised shins and cut knuckles sported by most of the girls participating in the game. Field hockey is a great favorite among the girls.

It will be a very difficult task to select the senior team, for a well experienced group is competing. They are Barbara Duggan, Jerry Whitter, Josephine Salzarula, Judy Meagher, Santina Palano, Lillian Gaudette, Diane Nadeau, Sally McCambridge, "Lib" Principe, Barbara Sears, Carolyn Wagner, Kitty Keegan, Jean Blanchard, and Mary Zofrea.

Some of the junior girls getting in condition are Shirley Borden, "Tish" McCarty, Janet Goerlach, and "Bobby" Lipari.

Although the sophs lack the experience of the seniors and juniors, it is plain to see that they are out to uphold the sophomore reputation. Among the girls showing skill are Joan Hatin, Loritta Calderella, Dolores Barea, Sally Reagan, Barbara Limont, Anne Shields, and Carol Walters.

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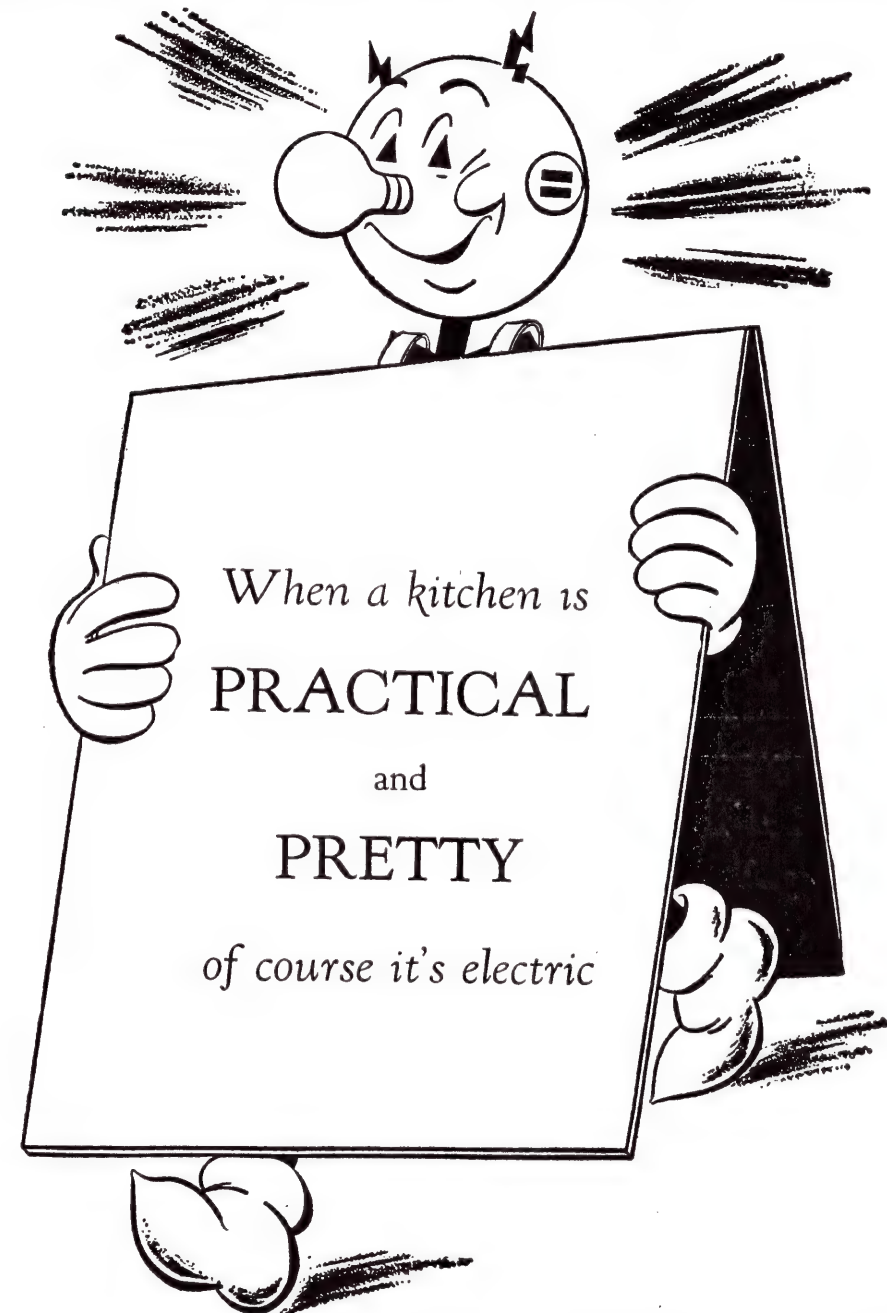
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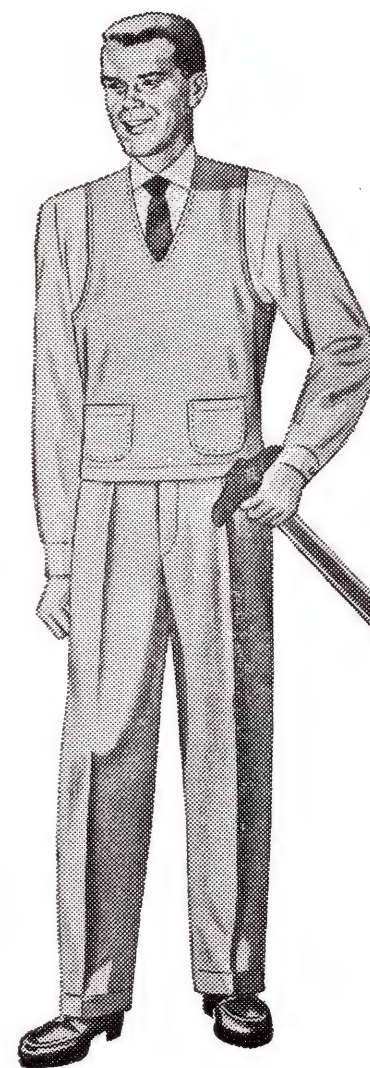
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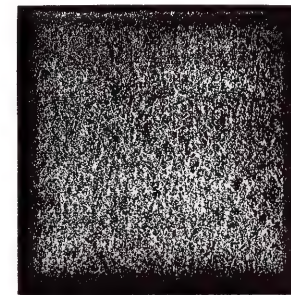
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